



J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

J. D. GILMAN, PRINTER.

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NO. 31.

POETRY.

As the following lines are just in time to be seasonable we throw them into market:

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming again—alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back.
He's a saucy old chap to white and black,
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold country!

A witty old fellow this Winter is;
A mighty old fellow for glee!
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet Miss,
The wrinkled old maiden unfit to kiss.
And freezes the dew of their lips—for this
Is the way with such fellows as he!

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade, I wot—
He is wild in his humour and free!
He'll whistle along for the want of his thought,
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And ruffle the laces, by pretty girls bought;
For a frolicsome old fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gust along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning till night he will sing his song;
Now moaning, and short—now howling and long.
His voice is loud for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a wicked old chap I wot—
As wicked as ever you'll see!
He withers the flowers, so fresh and green—
And bites the pert nose of the Miss of sixteen,
As she triumphantly walks, in maidenly
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you'll see!
He will trip up your trotters, and rend our
clothes,
And stiffen your limbs, from fingers to toes—
He minds not the cries of his friends or his
foes—
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away,
And marks all our doings, from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me.

From the Saturday Courier.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

And

The world was proud of her.

The grove of weeping willows in front of Mansfield's house, had assumed a yellow, autumnal hue; the roses had long been faded, but a host of more hardy flowers still bloomed in summer luxuriance. Within the splendid mansion, gaiety and happiness still presided.

It was evening. A large and brilliant circle of youth and beauty had assembled there. Young cheeks were blushing with unusual color, and dark eyes had borrowed deeper brilliancy. She stood there, in all her young, proud beauty, about to breathe vows, irrevocable, by aught save death. Her delicate snowy hand was closed in Durand's; her brow was slightly pale. Margaret stood by her side; and by the side of Durand was James Beauchamp. His friendship with the Mansfields had been uninterrupted, and he had now so far conquered his feelings, as to act a conspicuous part on this occasion, without any visible emotion, except a little superfluous red on his cheeks. And he stood there, and heard Julia Mansfield—the long worshipped idol of his heart—vow to love, unchangeably and for ever, his detested rival. He saw her cheek turn pale, as those vows were ratified; perhaps she thought of other vows, scarcely less sacred—now all, all broken.

The sun was rising gloriously, the next morning, as the proud husband handed his pale and weeping bride into the carriage, which rapidly conveyed her from her own pleasant and much-loved home. She had said adieu to her parents and brothers, &c., but looked a silent farewell to a thousand familiar and loved objects.

James had pressed that hand, which no longer trembled to his touch, and heard a cold farewell from those lips which had once breathed to him the burning words of love.

Margaret went with her sisters to spend the winter.

They arrived in South Carolina. Julia was made the mistress of a magnificent house, a delicious plantation, and several hundred slaves.

Mrs. Durand's style of beauty attracted great attention at the south. This her husband had anticipated; and it had been an all-important item among the articles which had made up his store of love. His anticipations were more than realized. The northern beauty was admired by all, talked of by all. Indeed, she was beautiful, very beautiful; and the remarkable clearness of her complexion contrasted well with the dark hue of southern beauties. Her form was rather tall; her long, white neck and drooping shoulders claimed admiration; her hair was a light brown, rather too light

perhaps, but rich, glossy, and profuse, and it parted with native grace above a pure, high forehead. Her eyes, when in a state of perfect repose, were a soft liquid blue; but their brilliancy and their expression was changeable as a summer's cloud. Her cheeks were a velvet red, much deeper than usually accompanies a complexion so light as hers. Her lips were beautiful, and expressive enough to insure the approbation of a connoisseur; her teeth were pearls.

After spending several weeks at the south, constantly in company, constantly admired and flattered, the young and, perhaps, happy wife, went with her husband to Washington. In the first circle of fashion and beauty there, she was alone unrivalled. And Durand, at that time, was even prouder of his wife's beauty, than of his own eloquence.

But we return to Beauchamp and the Mansfields. After the departure of Durand and his party, mirth and happiness seemed entirely to have forsaken that mansion where they had long held undisputed reign; and loneliness had usurped their dominion.

James still continued to visit there, and he felt the change more bitterly than he was willing to admit. But his term of study was nearly closed, and the time was fast approaching when he had determined to leave the peaceful village of S—, and go forth into the world, in search of wealth and fame. Many were the long golden dreams of his leisure hours.

It was December, a cold, snowy evening.... Beauchamp and his sister were sitting together, in an humble apartment of Lucy's boarding-house. The orphan girl's young bosom was swelling with uncontrollable anguish, and tears, in spite of all her efforts, were stealing from her weeping eyes, and profusely bathing her pale cheeks. She had exhausted all her eloquence, all her persuasions, all her entreaties, to induce her too reckless brother not to go to New Orleans.

Our parting will not be very long, sister, said the sanguine youth, and we will meet under more favorable auspices.

A single irrepressible tear fell from his eyes, on Lucy's forehead, as he printed one long kiss, and with a wild pressure of the hand, whispered, 'farewell!'

Beauchamp, full of ardent hopes and wild imaginations, pursued his journey to the 'devoted city,' and Lucy went quietly again to her little school, and hoarded all her anguish in her own lonely bosom.

CHAPTER V.

'And what is friendship but a name!
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep!'—GOLDSMITH

It is a pure deathless principle. A flower transplanted from heaven to enrich this desert world.

'Was it an accursed dream?
Or was it the unchanging certainty of stern reality?'—

A year had passed, a year with all its changes, its hopes, fears, and anxieties. The sun was near the western horizon, and was shedding a rich and mellow glory on the motely city of New Orleans. His enlivening rays were thrown impartially on the splendid mansion of luxurious wealth, and the wretched abode of squalid and untold poverty. They penetrated the magnificent and glittering apartment, and they entered the lowliest hut. They stole into the gambling room, where the wretched victim was watching with feverish excitement his last stake, and human demons were triumphing in his certain ruin;—and they gladdened the pale brow of the weeping penitent who was kneeling before his offended Creator. They fell on the dark bier and the long funeral procession,—and they glittered on the altar where youth and beauty had knelt to breathe the marriage vows. They looked on vice in its blackest colours and they witnessed the strongest efforts of human virtue. A few of these rays had even struggled through the grated windows of the prisoner's cell, and were kissing the pale and sickly brow of him whom poverty or crime had confined there. But down, down, into the low and polluted dungeon, where a human being lay gasping for the wretched breath that prolonged a miserable existence, not one of those blessed rays, not one breath of fresh air, was permitted to creep. The victim who lay there, in untended misery, was writhing under the influence of a burning fever, and inhaling death with every breath of that damp and noxious vapor. No tender mother was near; no devoted sister smoothed the uneasy pillow. But worn out, exhausted by bodily and mental anguish—he slept. It was the first slumber he had known for many days; and even this was more like the stupor of coming death, than 'tired nature's sweet restorer.' One hand was beneath

his head, the other pressed convulsively his fevered brow. Reader, that scorned, neglected, unpitied wretch, was James Beauchamp. All his wild young dreams—his aspirations after fame, were at last ended; they had found an unballooned grave in that low dungeon. Disgrace, foul disgrace, had settled in a dark cloud over his once fair name—had fallen like blight and mildew on his heart—had cankered the very springs of his existence. There he lay, (like the despised wreck of a once noble vessel,) a helpless, hopeless, abandoned object!

The bolts of his prison were drawn, the creaking door turned on its hinges, a human being was admitted, by the inhuman keeper of the prison, and the door was again secured. Yet so deep was the unnatural repose into which the prisoner had fallen, that he did not awake. The hand which had been pressed violently on his forehead fell gently by his side, and one deep, long sigh, heaved his bosom as the young stranger knelt down by his low couch, and gazed (by the light of a feeble lamp,) on his ghastly countenance. Fearful, fearful indeed, was the wreck, made by the events of three short weeks, on the noble form and proud beauty of his young friend! The kneller bent, and placed his quivering lips on the scorching brow, and tears, the honest tribute of a generous heart, fell like rain, and bathed the sunken cheeks.

The sleeper writhed on his bed, without awakening, and, and murmured—'My God.... O, my God, must I endure longer?' and then, as the heavy chains clanked fearfully, he continued, 'and Gilbert—he too has abandoned me—but I will not curse him. Lo, it is not for me to breathe curses! Let him go and herd with the cold and heartless. But were he dying on this bunch of wretched straw should I dance, and laugh, and hang on beauty's smile, and leave him to his fate?' and the sleeper seemed convulsed with uncontrollable agony.

'My friend,' whispered Gilbert, for it was he who knelt there, 'my dear Beauchamp, you wrong me! indeed! indeed, you wrong me deeply!

The prisoner started suddenly up, and after a wild, spectre-like gaze, which curdled the blood in Gilbert's veins, he extended his skeleton hand, and exclaimed, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, 'yes, I have wronged you. I called you cold, calculating and selfish—did I not? but do not mind it, for indeed my brain is on fire—and I know not what I say.' And then observing his friend's tears, he said, 'ah, you can weep—I would give worlds to shed one tear; but my thoughts are fire, which drink up at once the source of tears and existence. But this is vain, idle talk,' he continued, in a subdued tone. 'Reason is deserting me; before the last remnant of her light departs, I would speak of one, for whose sake alone I have wished to see you. My own case is hopeless. I must die; and death will be a refuge from the blighting influence of suspicion.'

'I know what you would say,' exclaimed Gilbert, as his friend paused and gazed around with a vacant stare, 'I will promise all you wish; but I trust, my dear friend, you will yet live to be her protector—that your innocence (for I cannot for a moment harbour one suspicion against you,) will be cleared of every shadow of doubt.'

But his words fell in the ear of one who heeded them not. Beauchamp had sunk back on the floor, and was raving deliriously and incoherently.

In another part of the city, a very young and beautiful girl sat gazing from the window of a magnificent apartment, on the smooth waves of the noble Mississippi. But her soul was not in the gaze. There was deep, and passionate, and bitter thought concealed in that young bosom. No, not concealed, it was all mirrored in her expressive countenance. She turned from her long silent gaze, and taking up a paper which lay on the sofa by her side, read the following short passage:

'The trial of James Beauchamp, who was arrested and imprisoned several weeks ago, for the murder of George Pennfield, Esq. will come on next week.'

'O God!' exclaimed the agitated girl, as she threw down the paper, 'O thou beneficent and holy being, save him! there is none on earth to plead his cause; but O, thou wilt not permit him to be sacrificed, because he is poor and friendless! Thou art the stranger's friend, and wilt not forsake him, as earthly friends have done. Thou knowest!—he is innocent—she would have added, but paused with solemn awe. The rich colour faded from her cheek—the tears gathered slowly in her haughty eyes—her lips quivered, and she burst into a long and passionate flood of tears.

'What is the matter again?' said an elegantly dressed and magnificently beautiful young lady, who entered the apartment just as the young girl had dried up her tears, 'you are looking the very personification

of despair! Come, Maria, will you not trust me?' and she put back the disarranged hair from the girl's forehead, and kissed it.

Maria looked earnestly in her face a moment, as if she would have read her whole heart, and then exclaimed, 'Yes I will trust you—though it is useless and perhaps foolish, to tell my unavailing regrets. You have been in the city but a few days—but perhaps you have heard of the arrest and imprisonment of James Beauchamp, on suspicion of murder. He is innocent, I know he is innocent! but he is almost a stranger in the city, and has neither friends nor money—and because circumstances came against him, they will sacrifice his life; when if he had only one friend who would make exertions in his behalf, his innocence might perhaps be proved. My brother George, you know, is now in South Carolina, attending a law suit about the fortune which our good old aunt—, willed to me—but which is claimed by other heirs. He had left New Orleans the day before Beauchamp's arrest. I thought he was Beauchamp's friend. I thought he was generous, disinterested—but I have found him cold and calculating, like the rest of the world!—and for money!—worthless, detested money!—he will suffer his friend to perish!

'But my dear cousin, be more explicit. What has George done, that you call him cold and calculating? I always thought him generous, and noble, and disinterested, beyond the rest of mankind.'

'After Beauchamp's arrest I wrote to my brother, and entreated him in the strongest terms to sacrifice, if it was necessary, the contested fortune, and hasten to the assistance of his friend. You know he is a lawyer, and eloquent too; and might save him if he would; but he suffers him to perish!

'But you judge too harshly of your brother; he may yet return before the trial.'

'No; I have done hoping; he must have had my letter more than two weeks, and he is still absent, though you know it is but a few days' journey to —. And next week, only next week, the trial comes on.'

'But why are you so deeply interested in the fate of this Beauchamp, this suspected murderer?'—

'Because, Mrs. Durand, (for it was Julia Durand to whom she spoke,) I believe him to be innocent, and I have not yet lost all feeling, all sense of right.'

'I do not blame your enthusiasm,' said Julia, whose countenance, during the conversation, had gradually grown pale, though she had endeavored to suppress all emotion. 'I too believe him innocent. But Maria, do you know my husband is the principal witness against him?'

They were interrupted by the entrance of a young volatile girl, richly dressed, and profusely ornamented, who exclaimed, 'come, Maria, not yet dressed for the party! we shall be too late. Mrs. Durand, do pray hurry this lazy girl—and without waiting for a reply she left the room.'

'My cousin,' said Maria, 'do not, I entreat you, say anything to that girl of what I have told you. I have already endured enough of her heartless rillery.'

'No, I will not. But you must prepare for this party.'

'Pray excuse me, I cannot attend it; parties to me are unendurable.'

'I understand you, Maria, you love James Beauchamp!'

'No; not love him. I am his friend. At any rate I ought not to love him, for he never wooed my love; and yet—shall I confess it? I feel that my very existence depends entirely on his fate. And she leaned her head on Julia's bosom, & sobbed violently. 'And now you will not drag me to this party, dear cousin, you will not.'

Julia, with a desperate effort, conquered her own emotion, while she endeavoured to console the anguish of her young friend.

'If you can conquer your feelings, so as to appear composed, I think you had better go to the party,' she said, after the violence of Maria's anguish had subsided; 'you acknowledge that you dread the rillery of this thoughtless cousin of ours, do not, by yielding to your feelings, increase her suspicions.'

'But I have formed a wild, a foolish plan I suppose—I will tell you all, however. To-night I have determined to visit Beauchamp. I am resolved, do not try to dissuade me.'

'But you must not, indeed Maria you must not go! It can be of no possible use, and it may be your ruin!'

'Nothing, Mrs. Durand, but physical force can prevent my going.'

'Then I shall feel it my duty to inform our uncle of your determination, who will, no doubt, detain you.'

'Yes, he will detain me. I hate him! I perfectly hate him! he has no more feeling than that table! And so you will really betray my confidence!'

'Not willingly, Maria, only at the imperative dictate of conscience. But come, my inexperienced cousin, our feelings must be controlled. It is often absolutely necessary that we appear happy, while we are miserable! I (though you may be surprised at the assertion,) am perhaps at this very moment far more unhappy than you are.'

Maria looked at her with surprise.

'Yes, I see you think it impossible,' she continued, 'but it is nevertheless very true. I say this in confidence, Maria. I am miserable—miserable beyond description. But I can still smile, I can make the world believe I am happy. I would not, indeed, steep your pure unsophisticated heart in guile—I would not make you a consummate hypocrite, as I am; it would be wrong, very wrong; but for this once, if you would avoid being laughed at as a weak, love-sick girl, it is absolutely necessary, if you cannot conquer, that you should conceal your feelings.'

'I am convinced. You have succeeded. I will go to this party, and will laugh, and dance, and sing! while he is writhing in untended—unmitigated anguish; dying alone on the cold floor of his dungeon! And rushing from Mrs. Durand, she hastened to her chamber, dressed herself in her gayest attire, put on ornaments to hide an aching heart, and clothed her face in smiles.

And that night she did indeed dance, and sing, and laugh, but the most casual observer might have read, through this flimsy mask of gaiety, the anguish of a heart steeped in misery. The party was over.

'Did I not do my part well to-night, Mrs. Durand,' said Maria, in a bitter tone, as she hastily threw down the ornaments she had worn.

'No, Maria, it was all over done. Your gaiety was perfectly fearful: but this is a cruel subject; we will not talk any more about it. May heaven protect and make you holy!' she added, as she kissed her cold cheek, and they parted for the night.

We left George Gilbert in Beauchamp's prison. When the jailer came to release him from his voluntary imprisonment, he begged and obtained permission to spend the night with his friend, and at his earnest entreaties a physician was called.

The prisoner continued delirious all night, and Gilbert left him the next morning, after having procured for him an attendant.

'You are a generous girl, sister, said Gilbert to Maria, the next day, after they had been sitting together in almost total silence for half an hour; 'you have sacrificed quite a splendid fortune, which my presence at —, might probably have secured to you, and I fear to very little purpose.'

'Is there then no hope for Beauchamp?'—

'Very little—there is proof strong as death, against him!'

'And you believe him guilty?'

'No; I have entire confidence in his innocence; but it cannot be demonstrated.'

'O, brother, you will, you must save him!—Your exertions, your eloquence—'

'Will all be in vain, sister, even if he lives till the day of trial; but I think he will not; he is very ill, perhaps dying.'

Maria made no reply, but with a face pale as death, immediately left the room. Gilbert was indefatigable in his efforts for the prisoner. He procured the postponement of the trial, to enable him to procure witnesses, and spent every leisure moment in preparing a spirited and eloquent defence. He also continued to visit the prisoner as often as the jailer would permit. Several weeks had worn away. James Beauchamp was sitting in one corner of his cell—his head leaned against the damp wall. It was the first time since his illness that he had been able to think coherently; and bitter, overwhelming were the thoughts that rushed impetuously through his mind. The burning and delirious heat of the fever had abated, and he realized fully, calmly, and coolly, his situation. The door of his cell was opened, and the pale image of Lucy Beauchamp stood before him! He started as if he had seen a spectre, and then made a wild effort to spring to her embrace! But the galling chains detained him! The next instant her arms were around his neck—her tears bathing his bosom! He strained her to his heart with one wild, convulsive effort, and then sank back overwhelmed and fainting.

The attendant whom Gilbert had procured for the prisoner, had just left him to procure some rest and refreshment.

The door had been already fastened, and Lucy was alone with her apparently lifeless brother. She raised his head from the cold floor, and placed it on her lap. She had no restorative, and her efforts to revive him were all fruitless. He will die—she whispered to herself, as she put back

the dark hair from his forehead, and gazed on his ghastly face; and then as she bent her cheek to the pale brow, its freezing chill went to her heart, and told her he was already dead! The fountain of tears, which suspense had frozen, was again unsealed, she wept long and bitterly, & then her tears were dried, and she sat, calm, motionless, and apparently unconscious as the senseless clay before her.

The physician and Gilbert entered the dungeon. Lucy, pale as a sheeted corpse, moved not, spoke not, until they approached and knelt down by the lifeless form, still resting on her lap. And then looking up into Gilbert's face, she said, in a voice awfully calm, 'he is dead!' There was a deep despair in those mild blue eyes, that went to his heart, and he wept.

'Nay, do not weep,' she said, 'it is wrong to weep because his generous and noble spirit has ceased to suffer.'

'Yes, his was indeed a generous and noble spirit,' replied the young lawyer. 'If you were his sister, he loved you well. His own fate was forgotten in his anxiety for you.'

'O, my brother, my only brother,' sobbed Lucy, as burning tears choked her utterance.

Gilbert raised the already stiffened form of his young friend, while the physician felt his pulse, and laid his hand to his heart.

'O, if there is any hope,' exclaimed Lucy, eagerly, (and the slight painful flush that came over her features, showed that one agonizing remnant of hope had been re-kindled in her heart,)—and yet why do I wish it? has he not already endured his full share of suffering? This awful change in his countenance tells that in a few weeks he has endured years, ages of common agony? O, if my own spirit would go with his!

A half hour of agonizing suspense! and Beauchamp murmured, as he opened his eyes, 'a blessed—blessed dream—how like reality. My sister—my poor sister—how like her former self—only paler,' for he did not perceive that his head was even then pillowed on Lucy's bosom.

'It is no dream,' said Gilbert, 'your sister—your Lucy is indeed here.'

The prisoner turned his eyes, and met her deep living gaze. He flung his wasted arms around her neck and wept. It was the first time since his imprisonment. Their kind friends withdrew, and left them to mingle unobserved their burning tears.

We cannot stay to tell how time passed—how Lucy voluntarily shared her brother's dungeon—how like a heavenly spirit she ministered to his wants—and whispered consolation to his sick heart—how at midnight's still and awful hour, she would kneel at his side, and watch his troubled sleep, and pray only for him, while her own brow was every day growing more and more deadly pale.

Gilbert still continued to visit his friend as often as he could gain admittance to the prison; and when he looked on the young girl, sacrificing health and life, and enduring all the untold horrors of a loathsome dungeon, for a brother's sake—he felt a new and powerful motive to exertion in a brother's cause. Did the wild dreams of love mingle with his devoted friendship? Was that dungeon, that scene of all agonizing emotions, a spot for earthly love? True love is a pure and holy principle. It needs not prosperity for its aliment, but can live even on anguish.

Lucy Beauchamp was not what the world terms a beautiful girl. There was nothing striking in her pale cheeks, light brown hair, and blue eyes. When seen under ordinary circumstances, she attracted but little attention from the casual observer. Yet there was intellectual beauty in the pensive expression of her features, something which always charmed her intimate acquaintance. Naturally timid and retiring, there were few who had ever read her character aright. She had generally been regarded as a gentle and amiable girl—but the strength of her mind, the richness of her talents, and the deep devotedness of her heart, was left for circumstances to develop.

Her beauty, either of mind or person, was entirely different from the style Gilbert had always been accustomed to admire. He had always been devoted to the brilliant in attractions; and dark hair, flashing eyes, and burning cheeks, were associated with ready wit, fluency of conversation, and impetuosity of feeling, in his beau ideal of her he would love. Had he met the bashful Lucy in a fashionable assembly instead of a brother's prison, he would probably never have thought of her twice. But witnessing, as he did daily, her fortitude, her self-sacrificing spirit, he thought of her as a being superior to her sex. Lucy regarded him as her brother's only friend—as such she loved him. Maria Gilbert, soon after her brother's return to the city, had by his advice left New Orleans, and was now in the bosom of her own undisturbed home on the green banks of the Illinois.

George and Mary had been reared in poverty and obscurity. George had early left the paternal roof in search of wealth and distinction, and was now pursuing a successful course as an advocate in New Orleans. Lucy had only visited that city a few weeks previous to her introduction to the reader. Her rich uncle and aunt, who resided there, had called at her father's cottage, while on a tour of pleasure to the north, and charmed by Maria's brilliant appearance, had persuaded her parents to allow her to return with them. This visit, her brother, though fond of his sister's society, had always disapproved. And Maria, weary of society, compelled to smile while

her heart was breaking, and despairing entirely of being permitted to see Beauchamp, was glad when he proposed her return to the country.

CHAPTER VI.

'Oh! light is pleasant to the eye, And health comes rustling on the gale, Clouds are racing through the sky, Whose shadows mock them down the dale! Nature as fresh and fragrant seems, As I have met her in my dreams.'

'And death himself, with all the woes That hasten, yet prolong his stroke! Death brings with every pang repose— With every sigh he solves a yoke. Yea! his cold sweats and moaning strife, Wring out the bitterness of life.'

The day of trial came. James was still ill, and though he had nerved himself for the occasion, he found when his chains were taken off, that he was utterly unable to walk. He looked with a thrill of joy on the old familiar face of nature, as he was carried from his prison to the court house. It looked to him pleasant, though dark clouds had overspread the sky, and a gloomy, drizzling rain, was falling thick and silently to the earth. He sat in the court house. His frame was emaciated almost to a mere skeleton; and the fever had left his cheeks sunken and deadly pale. Yet there was an all pervading energy of mind, a sanctifying influence on that countenance, ghastly as it was. He raised his head from the table, where from mere exhaustion he had bent it on his first entrance, and gazed slowly and calmly around the room. In that gaze he met the fond look of many of his former acquaintance. Among the group of witnesses he recognized his old friends, Judge Mansfield and his wife. Durand was also there—there to testify against him! and by his side was Julia. A deadly paleness simultaneously overspread the countenance of Durand and his beautiful wife, as they encountered the earnest gaze of Beauchamp, on whose cheek one bright red spot gradually kindled, till it burned deep and painfully. He turned away; his eyes rested for a moment on the form of his sister, whose face was hidden from the view of all, but whose slender and beautiful hand, as it hung listless by her side, trembled perceptibly, & was as white as the purest snow. From her his look wandered, and sought out among the crowd his young and ardent friend, on whose eloquence that day his fate seemed to depend. Gilbert's eyes were unusually brilliant, his cheeks deeply flushed, his manner restless and impatient.

(To be continued)

From the Albany Cultivator.

BET SUGAR.

M. PEDDER'S REPORT.—We have before mentioned, that some gentlemen had associated at Philadelphia, and we might have added, under the style of the 'Beet Sugar Society,' for the purpose of introducing into the United States the culture of the sugar beet; that they had employed Mr. James Pedder to proceed to France to procure the required information, in regard to the culture of the root, the process of manufacture, &c. &c. Contributions were solicited to defray the expense of the embassy, and one gentleman of our city, noted for liberality, we understand, gave two hundred dollars, under the impression that the object was public good, and that the information to be obtained was to be freely imparted for public benefit. Mr. James Pedder has been to France, has sent home seed, and has returned, and the result of his enquiries has been published in the 'Beet Sugar Society of Philadelphia,' in a pamphlet of 40 pages, 8vo., copy right secured, and is offered for sale at the modest price of 50 cents the copy! The pamphlet does not contain more matter than is contained in one number of our Cultivator, which sells at four cents. We have no sort of objection, that the Beet Sugar Society of Philadelphia should speculate in subscriptions, in beet seed, and in the sale of their report—we only want the public to know the matters of fact.

The copy right of the report being thus secured, we are debarred from making extracts, and must content ourselves with a brief summary, and refer the reader to the report for particulars, which, to those who mean to go into the culture and manufacture, is worth fifty cents. In this summary we avail ourselves, too, of the gratuitous information furnished by M. IZARD, French Vice-Consul at Boston, to the trustees of the Massachusetts society for promoting Agriculture.

The soil most suitable for the beet culture is, according to M. IZARD, one that is deep, light, rather sandy, but rich. Mr. Pedder says a healthy subsoil is indispensable; and that with this prerequisite it may be cultivated on almost any soil. No manure; as beets raised on manured grounds, says M. IZARD, have proved to contain salts detrimental to sugar.

The species of beet.—IZARD says the white German (not the mangold wurzel) is the best: Pedder says the white Silesian and the rose colored are the only kinds sown in a large way. Chaput prefers these.

Preparation of the grounds sowing, &c.—The ground ought to be trench-ploughed, and well pulverized. The seed is sown in France the last of April and first of May—from the first to fifteenth May in latitude 42 deg.—in drills from twenty to twenty-four inches asunder. Mr. Pedder says sow eight pounds seeds to the acre.

Cultivation.—Good cultivation, says M. IZARD, is all important, in order to enhance and perfect the saccharine principle, and to facilitate the several processes of obtaining the sugar. This means, thin the plants, extirpate all weeds, and keep the surface of the soil loose. The implements, the cultivator and hand hoe—Chaput used the plough.

Taking up the crop.—Pedder says, as soon as the roots have completed their growth—September or October. Chaput says, as soon as their larger leaves begin to turn yellow, as after this the saccharine principle may disappear, in consequence of a new elaboration of juices after maturity, and salt petre be generated instead thereof. The leaves may be fed to cows, sheep or swine. In Germany they are dried, for winter forage. The roots should not be bruised. They are taken up with a spade.

Preserving the crop.—The mode we have recommended for ruta bags, where cellars will not suffice—in trenches upon dry soils, two or two and a half feet broad, two and a half or three feet deep, and as long as you please, crowning the top with roots, covering with sufficient earth, and perforating the crown with a bar to let off the warm

or rarified air. Beets suffer from heat as well as from frost.

Profit of culture.—The common price in France, paid by the manufacturer, is ten francs (= to \$1.85) the 1,000 pounds. The yield is from 40 to 52 thousand pounds...medium 46,000 the nectar...equal to \$5 dollars. The tops will buy the seed. Where the culture and manufacture are connected, and the business managed to the best advantage, Mr. Pedder estimates the cost of the sugar to the manufacturer at four and a quarter cents per pound, taking into the account the value of the cake and molasses for feeding cattle and sheep, and the value of the manure these make.

M. IZARD estimates the benefits which a farmer will derive by the cultivation of one acre with beet for the making of sugar, as follows:

800 lbs. good Muscovado sugar, at 8 cents per lb.	D64 00
50 galls. molasses, for distilling or feeding, at 16 cents,	8 00
4 tons pumice, or cake, for cattle, D3 per ton,	42 00
1 ton of leaves, or their value as manure,	15 00
Total,	D89 00

The expense of manufacturing, we presume, to be deducted from the above total.

The manufacture of sugar, consists of seven distinct processes, viz. 1. Washing or scraping the roots; 2. rasping or crushing the roots; 3. pressing the pulp by hydraulic press; 4. dissection, or purifying with lime; 5. evaporation, in which process some animal charcoal is added; 6. clarification, during which most of the animal carbon is added; & 7. concentration. When an excess of lime is by accident applied, it is taken up by diluted sulphuric acid, in the proportion of 44 of water to 1 of acid. We refrain from attempting an abstract of these processes, and of the implements and vessels employed, as it would only tend to embarrass the novice. We refer to the report, or to Chaput.

Product.—The beet root gives from four to seven, and in one instance Mr. Pedder says, he knows it gave eight and a half per cent of sugar. This consists of first, second, and third qualities; though it is advisable not to crystallize the third quality, it being more valuable left in molasses, to be fed with cut straw to cattle. Assuming six per cent as the medium, and the average crop at 40,000 pounds the acre, the product of an acre is divided by Mr. Pedder as follows:

Sugar, 1st and 2d quality,	2,400 lbs.
Molasses, 2 per cent,	800 lbs.
Cakes, 15 per cent,	6,000 lbs.

2,900 lbs. per acre
Value of the Cakes, &c.—The beet, in all its varieties, is a valuable crop, cultivated merely as food for cattle. By the above estimate it is made to appear, that the acre not only produces 3,200 pounds of sugar and molasses, but nearly 10,000 pounds of pumice, or cake of more value to stock as Mr. IZARD has shown, than ten thousand pounds of beet root before the sugar and molasses have been extracted. For the entire beet contains 55 to 90 per cent of water being expressed from the cake, leaves in it, after pressure, a greater proportion of saccharine matter, to the water, than it contained before pressure. The molasses too, amounting to 800 pounds, fed with cut straw or hay, will go far in subsisting or fattening stock. M. IZARD sold his cake, for feeding cows, higher per ewt., than the price of beets. The cakes are preserved in magazines sunk in the ground, where they are beaten hard and left to ferment, and are used six and nine months thereafter.

Drill Barrow.—A drill barrow, for sowing beets and most other seeds, is described by Mr. Pedder, with eight wheels, in two sets, three being used for beets, or five for wheat. It is evidently on the principle of the one described in another column, invented by Mr. Mencham of Chenango. Price of the French drill 100 francs. He also speaks of a Barrow Hoe, which is pushed forward between the rows, is simple and of great use in row culture; and of a superior hand hoe, having a long crooked neck, which permits the weeds to pass over—similar, we suspect, to our turnip hoe.

Family Manufacture.—Mr. Pedder saw the family establishment of Mons. Lecerf, who obtained a premium for home manufacture. The labor was performed in one of his rooms, and the cost of all his machinery and apparatus did not exceed \$500 francs.

Miscellaneous.—The practice of strewing the sheep yards with lime, as mentioned in a late Cultivator, to prevent the foot-rot, is common in France. The estimated cost of sugar establishment, employing 80 men, and producing 110,000 pounds of sugar, D5,200. Rent of lands D8—taxes D1. 12 1-2 per acre. The season of manufacture lasts from 10th September to 15th April. The cost of cultivating an acre, including labor & taxes, about 110 francs (about D20) labor cheaper than with us.

If the preceding estimates are anywhere near the truth, and we see no reason to distrust them, they satisfactorily demonstrate, that the cultivation of beets, in the United States, for sugar, can and will, ere long, be made one of the most important and profitable branches of American husbandry.

The Beet Society propose to import a large quantity of seed. Orders for seed may be sent to JACOB SNIDER, JR., Philadelphia.

UNITED STATES.

The President of the United States has directed the investigation, by a Military Court of Enquiry, into the causes of the failure and delay in the prosecution of the campaigns under General Gaines and Scott, against the Seminole and Creek Indians, as well as the unauthorized publication of a recent official report of the former officer, to the War Department. The general orders from the Adjutant General's Office, on the subject, we have given below.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 65.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, Washington, Oct. 3, 1836.

The following order is published for the information of all concerned:—

By direction of the President of the United States, a Court of Inquiry, to consist of Major General Macomb, President, and Brevet Brigadier Generals Atkinson and Brady, members, is hereby ordered to assemble at the city of Frederick, in Maryland, as soon as the state of the military operations against the Indians will permit the witnesses to attend (of which the President of the court is to judge and determine, and to give notice to all concerned,) to enquire and examine into the causes of the failure of the campaigns in Florida against the Seminole Indians, under the command of Major General Gaines, and of Major General Scott, in 1836; and the causes of the delay in opening and prosecuting the campaign in Georgia and Alabama, against the hostile Creek Indians, in the year 1836; and into every subject connected with the military operations in the campaigns aforesaid; and after fully investigating the same, the court will report the facts, together with its opinion on the

whole subject, for the information of the President of the United States.

'Captain Samuel Cooper, of the 4th Regiment of Artillery, is hereby appointed to act as Judge Advocate and Recorder of the Court.

LEW. CASS.

War Department, Oct. 3, 1836.

R. JONES, Adjutant General.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 63.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, Washington, Oct. 14, 1836.

The following order has been received from the War Department, and is published for the information of all concerned:—

War Department, Oct. 13. I. It appearing by the public prints, that the official report of Brevet Major General Gaines, dated 'Head Quarters, Western Department, Camp Sabine, 4th July, 1836,' made to the Adjutant General of the Army, has been published, and the said publication being without the sanction of the War Department, or other proper authority, the Court of Inquiry, of which Major General Alexander Macomb is President, will, in addition to the duties already assigned to it, enquire into the facts as to the manner, and by whose authority the said official report was made public.

2. The Court will also report its opinion as to the violation of the rules of the service by such publication, and as to the character of said report in reference to all its bearings and consequences, as it concerns general military propriety and the discipline of the Army.

3. And further, the Court will examine and enquire into any other reports and publications, made by Brevet Major General Gaines, or by any other officer of the Army, having reference to military affairs, and published without the sanction of the War Department, or other proper authority, and give its opinion on the tendency of such reports and publications, in the same manner as it is herein required to do in the foregoing paragraph of this order.

C. A. HARRIS,

Acting Secretary of War.

R. JONES, Adj. Gen.

Deep Snow.—In speaking of the late severe snow storm, the Albany papers inform us, that in some places in the county of Tompkins, it fell to the depth of two and a half feet. It was so deep between Schenectady and Utica, that an extra steam engine was necessary to propel the cars.

Snow, says the Lancaster Register of last week, has fallen a foot in the town, and 15 or 18 inches in the vicinity. The northern mails, says the editor, came in early upon runners, and with the jingling of bells.

Extract of a letter, dated Cambridge, (Ohio,) Sept. 29th, 1836.

'I have just returned from a tour thro' Belmont and Guernsey counties, and find the tobacco crops will fall short at least one half from last year, owing to the recent heavy frosts, and if the frosts have been as severe in Fairfield and Licking counties as it has here, the planters will be much injured. The planters have been induced by the high prices of wheat and pork, to drop the tobacco business, and I don't think there will be over 3000 hogsheads made in this state next year.'

Another Snow Storm.—The Miners' (Pennsylvania) Journal of Saturday, 15th October, says:—'On Tuesday night last it commenced snowing, and continued until Wednesday morning, when it turned into rain, at this place. On the Broad Mountain, the snow fell to the depth of 18 inches, and the Danville and Pottsville Rail Road Company were again compelled to shovel the snow off the road several miles, to permit coal cars to pass. At some places on the mountain we learn the snow is two feet deep.'

VILLAGE OF PONTIAC.—But few villages in the western country present a more prosperous and inviting aspect to the stranger than the flourishing village of Pontiac. We have resided here for the short space of two months only, during which time several new and beautiful stores and dwellings have been commenced, and are now nearly completed. Our streets are thronged every day, with passing strangers and country farmers. Our merchants are doing a splendid and safe trade. Our mechanics, what few we have, are crowded with work. We want more mechanics in Pontiac. Five hundred more mechanics, of the various trades, would be none too many to supply the growing wants of the rich and fertile country of Oakland and the adjacent country. Now is the time for business men to locate themselves here, where, in less than five years from this day will be a city of not less than five thousand inhabitants. Our hydraulic privileges are great, and before long our banking facilities will be equal to that of any village in the Union.—*Demo cratic Balance.*

FOREIGN.

A Madrid letter of the 4th ult. contains the following:—No idea can be formed of the aspect presented by this city. At every step, in the most frequented parts of the town, such as the Puerta del Sol and the streets leading into it, you find men wearing large mu-tachios, and having a green ribbon at their button-holes, declaiming against the Military Commanders for suffering themselves to be beaten by the Carlists. The Ministry and the Captain General of the Province are marked objects of their attacks. In a list of a new Ministry which is in circulation there appear the following names:

The Procurador Cabellero who placed himself at the head of the insurrectional Junta of Cuenca; Lieutenant Cardero, notorious for the part he took in the revolt of the 18th January 1835, at the Post office; and Olozago, the most violent demagogue of the day. The 4th regiment of light cavalry at Ciudad Real has sent away all its officers, and appointed its sub-lieutenant to be its colonel. The provincial regiment of Murcia has done more than this; the soldiers, construing the constitution into a licence to do whatever they pleased, have disbanded themselves and dispersed, each taking his own way. Resignations are daily sent in to the Ministers, and although passports are refused, emigrations are innumerable. The government, however, appears to be resolved to take rigorous measures with regard to those who depart. The Ministry, and particularly M. Calatrava, is making every effort to counteract these manifestations. M. Mendizabel, although he has not assumed any Ministerial office, is the soul of the Council, and does all in his power to inspire confidence; but neither the loan of the 200,000,000 rials, the levy of 50,000 men, nor the mobilisation of the National Guards measures which originated with him, will be realized. Some great military success alone is likely to change the present state of things; but this is hardly to be expected. The present system cannot be maintained, and must be replaced by some new theory. Gen. Mendez Vigo who has commanded the army of the north for about a week, and is well known both at home and abroad, for his ultra opinions, has been banished to Badajoz. This arbitrary act violently excited his partisans, who wish to get up a riot, in order to prevent his departure. The unfortunate check received by Lopez is still the subject of animated version. Soldiers who have been so fortunate as to escape, arriving. Many officers and men of Gen. Lopez's division, as well as himself, owe their safety to the intercession of Gen. St Roman, who was with Gomez. The house of M. Bertrand de Lys is the general rendezvous of the patriots. The Junta which assemble there are actively engaged in raising subscriptions for a patriotic banquet. It is said that M. Bertrand de Lys will enter the Ministry; but this is scarcely possible. Gen. Seoane is indisposed. It appears that Gomez intends to move towards the mountains of Toledo, and there wait for the divisions which are on their march for Cuenca. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, Madrid is tolerably quiet, but sadness is impressed upon every countenance. The Carlists keep themselves within doors and conceal their joy.

Great Fire at the Dardanelles.—We find in a letter from Constantinople of the 10th ult., the following:—'Intelligence was brought here by the Smyrna packet that during the night of Friday, the 5th August, almost the whole town of the Dardanelles had been destroyed by fire. The place was considerable in extent, and contained about 20,000 inhabitants, who, by a calamity not uncommon in this country, have in one night lost all they possessed in the world. It is well that they are at the same time ended with Turkish stoicism to encounter it. The fire, it is said, broke out at a baker's stove, and thence spread rapidly over the town consuming in its progress the house of the pasha. The efforts of the latter and his followers were exclusively directed to the preservation of the powder magazine, which, it is asserted on the best authority, contains 40,000 quintals of powder. They happily succeeded in their object, but at the expense and sacrifice of the greater part of the town and of the lower batteries, which have been entirely demolished.'

PARIS, Sept. 14th.—We long since stated that a commission had been sent to England and Scotland, with a view to examine the superiority of the iron cannon manufactured there over the brass ones at present used in the French service. The report was we learn, favourable, but the government have resolved not to determine the question until after a course of experiment made under the direction of a commission appointed for this purpose. They have invited the Swedes and English to the trial, with nine cannon of different dimensions cast after patterns sent from France. The Belgian government having judged that Belgian iron would well bear competition with that of English and Sweden, has also entered the field as a competitor, and several cannons cast at Liege have been sent to the La Fere, where they are to be proved.

Innocence Exculpated.—At the Liverpool Assizes in March, three men, named Elson, Eastward and Ray, were convicted and sentenced to transportation, for robbing Messrs. Roysds, in the Rochdale road. Fortunately, in consequence of some doubt about their case, they have as yet been detained at Chatham. Three men, named M'Daniell, sentenced to death at Shrewsbury Assizes, for robbing Mr. Woodward and Mr. Urwick, have since confessed that they and four other persons committed the robbery of Messrs. Roysds and that the men convicted at Liverpool were not of the party. It is a remarkable fact that Eastwood had been once before sentenced to transportation for life for a robbery committed on the same spot, and his innocence of the fact was afterwards proved, and the sentence reversed.

An extraordinary instance of probity was a few days ago displayed in Killarney by

a person in very humble circumstances, named David Connell, a journeyman cabinet-maker, who on finding in the compartment of a writing desk sent to be repaired to his (Connell's) employer, sixteen Bank of Ireland notes of five pounds each, the property of Colonel Shaw Kennedy, the new Inspector General of police, immediately returned them to the owner, who to mark his sense of the honour & honesty of the young man, as well as to remunerate him for his time and trouble in repairing the writing desk, most liberally presented him with half-a crown.

From the Montreal Herald.
We recently expressed a suspicion, that Lord Gosford had not yet brought the matchless 'drama' to a close but that he had in reserve another catastrophe of deeper humiliation to himself, of grosser insult to his countrymen, of blacker treason to his sovereign.—We ventured, in short, to assert, that his Majesty's ministers would probably authorise their precisely instructed puppet to attempt a compromise with the French faction by rendering the Legislative Council virtually elective through an anti-national and, of course, a treasonable prostitution of the royal prerogative. We demonstrated, that the reckless incapables, if not judicially blind, would foresee, that they must either resign the sweets of office or modify the Legislative Council of Lower Canada into a counterpart of its Assembly; and we could hardly suppose, that the miserable hirelings, who lived, moved and had their being in the breath of one demagogue's nostrils, would deem prostration at the feet of another demagogue too high a price for place, power and emolument. We knew, that Lord Glenelg could not yield to the demand for an elective council by virtue of merely executive authority and accordingly gave full credit to his lordship's explicit rejection of that demand; but, while we had perfect confidence in the sincerity of his lordship's intention never to do what he felt to be impracticable, we attached not even the slightest importance to his formal and solemn declarations on the subject. No! for we well knew, that he could indirectly yield to the demand, and that, as soon as a continued refusal became dangerous to himself, he would be more ready to yield than to fall. We were, therefore, equally surprised and mortified to find, that the tenor of Sir Francis Head's instructions had blinded the perspicacity, lulled the vigilance and quieted the fears of many for whom we justly entertained the highest respect; but we never could for a moment relinquish conclusions, founded on a special experience of liberal politicians & a general knowledge of the human heart. Well, the crisis has arrived; and Lord Gosford will be precisely instructed virtually to place blank mandamuses for Legislative Councilors in the hands of Mr. Louis Joseph Papineau, or, in other words, to place the legislative power of a British colony in the hands of one, who has avowed not only an impatience of British connexion but a determination to give republics to monarchical Europe. Will not this step on the part of Lord Gosford be, as we hinted at the commencement of this article, humiliating to himself, insulting to his countrymen and treasonable to his Sovereign?

How we have ascertained all this, is nobody's business; but Lord Gosford, while he may wonder as he has before wondered, knows, that we have ascertained the truth. As we have not forgotten, that his Excellency, in his opening speech, was pleased to ask 'the English inhabitants of this province,' why they should fear injury at the hands of an English cabinet, we have but little doubt, that his lordship, while modifying the Legislative Council so as to make sure of a French majority, may throw in a few Englishmen as a tub to the whale. It is clear, however, that it is not the minority but the majority that really constitutes a legislative body.

Yes! The blind idol of the 'two thousand' men and boys of the District of Montreal has sold this colony to the Gallic traitors; and yet this colony, in spite of the apathy of some and the treachery of others, must acquire more and more of an English character every year. All the paper, that could be formed from all the rags of its pauper population, and all the parchment, that could be made from the hides of its calves in high places, would not prevent such a result.

One word in the meantime to the independent yeomen of the Townships. The intended Frenchifying of the Legislative Council will infallibly lead to the repeal of the Tenure Act. Let it be remembered, that the repeal of that act has, by an Imperial statute, been placed in the power of the provincial legislature. Now is your time for shewing your teeth.

Disasters on Lake Michigan.—Through the politeness of Messrs. Gelston & Evans, merchants, of this city, we have been favored with the perusal of a letter from Capt. Thorpe, of the schooner Chicago, from which we gather the following particulars of disasters that occurred on Lake Michigan, during the storm on the 3d inst.

Schooners Gen. Harrison, Celeste, and Erie, Capt. Macaulay, ashore at Chicago. The schooner Martin Van Buren sunk inside the piers.

Brig North Carolina, Capt. Kelley, ashore 12 miles above Michigan city, high and dry.

Schrs. Chicago, Capt. Thore, and Sea Serpent, both ashore at Michigan city. The latter, with a valuable cargo, entirely lost.

Schrs. Juliette and James G. King, ashore at St. Josephs.
Sloop Clarissa and a schooner ashore at New Buffalo.
Since the above was in type, we have been furnished by Messrs. Barker & Holt with an extract of a letter from Cap. Floyd of the schooner Michigan, confirming the statement above given, and also mentioning that the Michigan had been slightly damaged in her upper works. Capt. F. states the gale to have been a very severe one.—
Buffalo Journal, Oct. 3.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.
The annual exhibition of animals &c., of the county of Rouville Agricultural Society, was held at Henryville, on Saturday the 21st day of September. The meeting was attended by a large and respectable part of the community. The animals were large and beautiful, and the domestic manufacture equal if not superior to any former exhibition.

The following premiums were awarded:—

ANIMALS.
Brood Mares.

Rev. M. Townsend, Alexander Macfie, Esq. George Clark 2d, David Miller, 4.

Entire Horses.

John W. Hapgood, N. B. Beardsley Esq. Albert Chapman Esq. 3.

Gelding Horses.

St. B. Beardsley Esq. Rev. M. Townsend, Conrad Derck Esq. Capt. Isaac Hogle 4.

Three Year Old Colts.

Henry Young, Peter Hawley, Alvah Johnson, Capt. Jasper Cook 4.

Two Year Old Colts.

Alexander Macfie Esq. Capt. Robert Struthers, Capt. Jasper Cook, No competitors 4.

Milch Cows.

N. B. Beardsley Esq. Capt. Isaac Hogle, George Brown, Levi Mandigo 4.

Bulls.

Henry Winterbottom, Isaac Flagg 2d, Cornelius Irish, Inferior 4.

Oxen.

Joseph Bower, Capt. Jasper Cook, Judah N. Mandigo, N. B. Beardsley Esq. 4.

Three Year Old Steers.

Alvah Johnson, Daniel Smith, Alexander Macfie Esq. Capt. David Sawyer 4.

Two Year Old Steers.

Samuel Young, James W. Grogan, No competitors 3 & 4.

Two Year Old Heifers.

Henry Winterbottom, Alvah Johnson, Nathan Smith, Joseph Bower 4.

Rams.

Samuel Young, James W. Grogan, Capt. Daniel D. Salls, Henry Derck 4.

Ewes.

N. B. Beardsley Esq. Daniel D. Salls Esq. Henry Winterbottom, George W. Johnson 4.

Boars.

William Lewis, Samuel Young, James W. Grogan 4.

Brood Sows.

Alexander Macfie Esq. Samuel Young, Timothy Wheeler, Timothy L. Russell 4.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE.

Cloth.

Peter Hawley, William Lewis, Capt. Robert Struthers, Patrick Martin 4.

Butter.

Judah Mandigo, Daniel Smith, Peter Hawley, Henry Beerwort 4.

Cheese.

Henry Beerwort, Daniel Smith, Samuel Young, No competitors 4.

ESTATES, CROPS, &c.

Farms.

Capt. Luc Fortin, Henry Beerwort, Peter Hawley, Conrad Derck Esq. 4.

Barley.

Orange Spoor, Henry Beerwort, Capt. Luc Fortin, Peter Hawley 4.

Grass.

Timothy L. Russell, Capt. L. Fortin, Isaac Salls, David L. Lewis 4.

Peas.

James W. Grogan, Capt. D. Sawyer, Henry Young, Patrick Martin 4.

Potatoes.

William Lewis, Donald Monro, Conrad Derck Esq., Benjamin Salls Esq. 4.

DAVID L. LEWIS, Sec'y.
R. C. A. S.
Henryville, 17th October, 1836.

It is requested that all letters and exchange papers for the Standard, from the United States, be addressed to UNION, Franklin Co. Vermont.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.
FRELIGHSBURG, NOV. 8, 1836.

There are two ways of making the Legislative Council a counterpart of the House of Assembly. Firstly, by making it directly elective by the people, which is the way proposed by the Assembly itself; secondly, by elevating to the Council such men as are well known to possess opinions in accordance with those of the 'French origin' party of the Assembly, in sufficient number to swamp the present 'Foreign origin' majority in the Council.

The first way has been demanded by the Assembly, since 1832, and they declared at the last session,—the eleven days session,—that they would not proceed to any further business, until the 'King by acts,' that is, by making the Council elective, should shew an intention of yielding to the wishes of this House and the people. Every one, who knows any thing, knows that the Legislative Council never will be made elective, as long as the House of Lords is filled by a hereditary peerage. We are not aware that that House, at any time of its existence, would have been inclined to sanction a measure, which, a posteriori, might be made use of as an argument for their own destruction; but it is abundantly evident, that the Lords have not been, since the passing of the reform act, in a temper, to entertain any measure, which may go farther to undermine the Constitution of the kingdom, and far less a measure which would recognise the principle, that their own House should be made elective. Let it be remembered too, that Lower Canada is the only one of Britain's many colonies, enjoying a like constitution, which makes a like demand. This, therefore, is proof that the demand is not founded in truth, on the vicious constitution, but springs from some other source. The source will be found in the 'French origin,' of the party making the demand.

We do not believe that the present Ministry, for the sake of a supply bill, would be at all disinclined to sacrifice the 'English inhabitants of this province,' by adopting the first plan, if they thought that the House of Lords could be dragged into submission; but the experience of the last session of the Imperial Parliament, too well assures them, that their scoldings, and their threats are equally contemned by the Peers.

Against the adoption of the second plan, 'the English inhabitants of this province,' although, in the words of 'my speech at the commencement,' they may exclaim, 'is it possible,' yet have no protection, no guarantee. The 'French origin' lawyers of the Assembly,

'Mute at the Bar, but in the Senate loud,' are a hungry, clamorous set, and the administration at home is rickety. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn from the Herald, that the second mode is to be followed, and that blank mandamuses are to be placed in the hands of Papineau, to be filled up with such names as that man may think fit. Had the administration ever betrayed the evidence of one single desire for the good of the country, over which it is its misfortune that they rule, or one spark of independence, either in writing or in acting, with regard to this unfortunate colony, our surprise would indeed have been great, to read the positive information of the Herald; but, when every step, every despatch, every word, dictated to a titled puppet who jumps and twitches as the wires of Downing street are jerked, are dictated by the most grovelling fear, and yields to a halloo, what justice, and even

expediency would refuse, we are obliged to acknowledge that there is no room for surprise, in the mind of a rational man.

The people of these Townships have nothing to expect from the present ministry. They came into this country only under the solemn proclamation of a King of England, nothing else; and they will now be brought to feel that that is now a day's no protection against French clamour. It is true that they have the 'Tenures Act,' as the charter by which they hold their lands, but it is equally true that the local legislature may modify that act; and it is known to every one in this section, that Papineau, at Dunham, declared his abhorrence of the free and common socage tenure, and his intention, if possible, to extend the seigniorial tenure to the Townships. Such was the substance of Papineau's declarations, and commensurate with them will be his power, if the information of the Herald be correct, and we have no reason to doubt it, but we have not yet seen the people of the Townships yielding to such a legislature. To resist would not be rebellion, but self-preservation.

In addition to the Post Offices mentioned by the Gazette, established in U. C. and L. C. having common names, we may point out that Churchville, a P. O. in Dunham, L. C. has just now got a namesake in U. C.

The Quebec and Belfast rail road bill has been sanctioned by the King in council.

The name of Jacques Viger is as nimble as the heels. It leaped into the editorial columns of last week, in the place of Dennis Benjamin's.

The frost has fairly set in. Many potatoes were quarried out last week with pickaxes and crow bars, and many are yet in the fields.

Died,
In Monroe, Ohio, Wm. T. Sergeant, aged 54 years formerly a resident of Farnham, L. C.

Latest News from Texas!!
Strayed or Stolen, an article in common parlance called a

Pickaxe.
Any information with regard to the above will be thankfully received at this Office.

For Sale,
A good

Cook Stove.
For particulars enquire of the subscriber S. S. STICKNEY, Frelighsburg, Nov. 8th, 1836. V2. 31-2w

Wanted,
A few Cords of

Wood,
to be delivered at the Post office immediately J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M. Post Office Frelighsburg 7 Nov. 1836.

Notice.
ALL the creditors of the Estate of the late John A. Rhodes, are requested to meet at the house of Abel Smith at Missiskoui Bay, on Friday the twenty fifth of November, at one o'clock P. M. To agree upon the term of payment for the sale of the real Estate of the late John A. Rhodes. ORSEN SMITH, Curator. St. Armand, Nov. 5 1836. V2-31 2w

Public Sale of Real Estate.
WILL be sold at Public Auction, on the 27th day of November inst. immediately after divine service at St. Pauls Church, all the

Real Estate
belonging to the late JOHN A. RHODES, of St. Armand, consisting of one FARM, containing about one hundred & fifty acres of LAND. Fifty of which are under good improvement; together with a GRIST MILL, SAW MILL, and MARBLE MILL; all of which are in good repair.

One dwelling house 28 by 40 feet well finished, and three smaller HOUSES occupied by tenants, with two BARNs and SHEDS; and other out buildings necessary for said farm. Also a LUMBER LOT containing about one hundred and seventy acres of LAND, with some pine and other valuable Timber thereon, lying about four miles from the above situation.

The location of the above property renders every inducement to purchasers to avail themselves of this opportunity. Conditions made known at time of Sale. ORSEN SMITH, Curator. St. Armand, Nov. 5, 1836. V2-31 2w.

Notice.
THE subscriber is desirous of purchasing one hundred

Store Hogs,
and is now ready to receive them at his Distillery, at Bedford. Will also pay Cash and the highest prices for all kinds of GRAIN. PHILIP H. MOORE.

Wanted,
A YOUNG MAN, who has a knowledge of Business relative to a Country Store, to whom good encouragement will be given, by applying soon to the subscriber. P. H. MOORE. Bedford, October 26, 1836. V2 29-1f.

NEW GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED!!!

Munson & Co.,

In returning thanks for the good share of Public patronage with which they have been favoured, inform their old friends and customers that they have received and are now opening at their store in Philipsburg, a very nice, well selected, and extensive assortment of

Fall & Winter
GOODS!

all of which they will sell as cheap as they can be bought at any Store in the Townships, none excepted.

They add further, that they will purchase good

Pine Logs,

that will make Plank or Boards, for the southern Market, to be delivered at any responsible Saw-Mill within 10 miles of Missiskoui Bay; and will make advances on the same to any responsible person. The Logs to be delivered any time in the course of next Winter.

Philipsburg, Nov. 3, 1836.

Public Notice

IS hereby given that the Havensville Mill is now in full operation, and the proprietors feel it his duty to the public as well as to himself, in consequence of some unfavorable reports circulated by some evil disposed persons, to assure them that he is able, and pledges himself to do as good work as can be done at any other Mill in the province.

He would add that his Stout Mill, the only thing that failed to operate to his satisfaction at the commencement, has been remodelled, and is now pronounced by good judges who have examined it, to equal if not surpass any other they have ever seen; but as bad news always drives past while good news bails, he would apprise his friends of what they may have forgotten, that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it and not in the steam.

M. HAVEN.
Dunham, Oct. 23th, 1836. V2 30-4w

Notice.

BROKE into the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 17th inst., a red COW, with a star on her forehead, and off horn broken. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

EZRA BAKER.
Clarenceville, 18th October, 1836. V2 28-1f.

Notice.

I hereby certify that I have paid a certain NOTE of

200 Dollars,

in favor of PAUL WHITNEY, bearing date April, 1819. Also one of 20 DOLLARS, payable to Amos Messer, date unknown. I hereby forbid any person or persons buying said Notes, as I have once lawfully paid them.

SAMUEL PATTERSON.
Liverpool, Medina Co., Ohio, Aug. 23th, 1836.

RAIL-ROAD LINE
OR

Mail Stages

FROM
STANSTEAD-PLAIN
TO
ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER, STEVENS, CLEMENT & TUCK, Proprietors.

FARE 31-2 DOLLARS, (17s 6d.)
LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening. Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please, breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus the advantages of this new line are obvious.

Strayed,

FROM the pasture of the subscriber, in Dunham, two 2 year old HEIFERS, one yellow, with a star on the forehead, the other a dark red, with some white on the legs; any information respecting the same will be thankfully received by the subscriber, & all reasonable charges paid.

ARCHIBALD M. MILTIMORE.
Dunham October 21, 1836. V2 29-1f.

Machine Cards.

The subscriber, agent for Mr. S. P. Bent, manufacturer, Middlebury, Vermont, has received samples of the above; orders for which will be taken at low prices & executed with despatch.

JAMES COURT.
Commercial agent.
Montreal, 17th August, 1836. V2 20-12w

Notice.

I request all those who sent their certificates by me to Quebec for Lands in 1824, to meet me at S. Chandler's Hotel, on the 8th day of November next.

GEORGE SAX.
Stanbridge, Oct. 25th, 1836. V2 30-1f

For Sale.

A valuable situation for a country Mechanic, on the road from Frelighsburg to Philipsburg—4 miles from the latter place. There are 20 acres of good LAND, 20 of which are improved; a DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD SHED, BARN, and SHOENMAKER'S SHOP. The buildings are new, and in excellent repair.

Terms moderate. For particulars apply to the proprietor on the premises.

GEORGE FELLERS.
St. Armand West, 4th Oct. 1836. V2-281f

MISCELLANY.

THE SISTERS.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

There is not a period of deeper luxury and delight than the season when the nightingale raises its charmed voice to welcome the pleiades, and the glorious spring, like the spirit of life riding upon sunbeams, breathes upon the earth. Yielding to its renewing influence, the feelings and the fancies of youth rush back upon our heart, in all their holiness, and exultation; and we feel ourselves a deathless part of the joyous creation, which is glowing around us in beauty beneath the smile of its God. Who has seen the foliage of ten thousand trees bursting into leaves, each kissed by a dew drop; who has beheld a hundred flowers of varied hues, expanding into loveliness, stealing their colours from the rainbow-majesty of the morning sun; who has listened to melody from the yellow farze; to music from every bush;—heard

The birds sing love on every spray, and gazed on the blue sky of his own beautiful land, swimming like a singing sea around the sun!—who has seen, who has heard these, and not been ready to kneel upon the soil that gave him birth? Who has not, then, as all nature lived & breathed, and shouted their hymns of glory around him, held his breath in quivering delight, and felt the presence of his own immortality, the assurance of his soul's eternal duration, and wondered that sin should exist upon a world so beautiful. But this moralizing keeps us from our narrative. On one of the most lovely mornings of the season we have mentioned, several glad groups were seen tripping lightly towards the cottage of Peggy Johnstone. Peggy was the widow of a Border farmer, who died young, but left her, as the phrase runs, well to do in the world. She had two daughters, both in the pride of their young womanhood, and the sun shone not on a lovelier pair; both were graceful as the lilies that bowed their heads to the brook which ran near their cottage door, and both were mild, modest, and retiring, as the wee primrose that peeped forth beside the threshold. Both were that morning, by the consent of their mother, to bestow their hands upon the objects of their young affections. But we will not dwell upon their bridal; only a few short months were past, when their mother was summoned into the world where the weary are at rest. On her death-bed she divided unto them equal portions, consisting of a few hundreds. Their mourning for her loss, which, for a time, was mingled with bitterness, gradually passed away, and long years of happiness appeared to welcome them, from the bosom of futurity. The husbands of both were in business, and resided in a market-town in Cumberland. The Sisters' names were Helen and Margaret; and, if a preference could have been given, Margaret was the most lovely and gentle of the two. But before the tree that sheltered her hopes had time to blossom, the serpent gnawed its roots, and it withered like the gourd of the angry prophet. Her dark eyes lost their lustre, and the tears ran down her cheeks where the rose had perished for ever. She spoke, but there was none to answer; she sighed, but there was none to comfort, save the mournful voice of echo. Her young husband sat carousing in the midst of his boon companions—where the thought of a wife or of home never entered... & night following night beheld them reel forth into the streets to finish their debauch in a house of shame.

Such were the miserable midnights of Margaret the beautiful and meek, while Helen beheld every day increasing her felicity in the care and affection of her temperate husband. She was the world to him, and he all that that world contained to her. And often as gloaming fell grey around them, still would they

'Sit and look into each other's eyes, Silent and happy, as if God had given Nought else worth looking at on this side Heaven.'

A few years passed over them. But hope visited not the dwelling of poor Margaret. Her husband had sunk into the habitual drunkard; and, not following his business, his business had ceased to follow him, and his substance was become a wreck. And she, so late the fairest of the fair, was now a dejected and broken-hearted mother, herself and her children in rags, a prey to filthiness and disease, sitting in a miserable hovel, stripped alike of furniture and necessities of life, where the wind and the rain whistled and drifted through the broken windows. To her each day the sun shone upon misery, while her children were crying around her for bread, and quarrelling with each other; and she now weeping in the midst of them, and now cursing the wretched man to whom they owed their being. Daily did the drunkard reel from his haunt of debauchery into his den of wretchedness. Then did the stricken children crouch behind their miserable mother for protection, as his red eyes glared upon their famished cheeks. But she now met his rage with the silent scowl of heart-broken and callous defiance, which, tending but to inflame the infuriated madman, then burst forth the more than fiendish clamour of demoniac war! and then was heard upon the street the children's shriek—the screams and the bitter revilings of the long patient wife—with the cruel imprecations and the unnatural blasphemies of the monster, for whom language has no name!—as he rushed forward, (putting cowardice to the blush,) & with his clenched

hand struck to the ground, amidst the children she bore him, the once gentle and beautiful being he had sworn before God to protect!—she, whom once he would not permit

'The winds of heaven to visit her cheeks too roughly,' she, who would have thought her life cheap to have laid it down in his service, he kicked from him like a disobedient dog! These are the every-day changes of drinking habitually.

Turn we now to the fireside of the happier Helen!—The business of the day is done, and her sober husband returns homeward, and he perceives his fair children eagerly waiting his approach, while delight beams from his eyes, contentment plays upon his lips, and he stretches out his hand to welcome them; while

'The expectin' wee things toddin' stacher through To meet their dad wi' flichterin' noise an' glee. His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily— His clean hearth-stane and thrifty wihe's smile, Does a' his weary carkin' cares beguile. An' mair him quite forget his labour and his toil.'

And, while the younglings climbed his knees, 'the enried kiss to share,' the elder brothers and sisters thronged around him, eager to repeat their daily and Sabbath-school tasks, and obtain, as their reward, the fond pressure of a father's hand, and behold exultation and affection sparkling from his eyes; while the happy mother sat by, plying her needle and

'Gairing auld claes look amais' as weel's the new,

and gazed upon the scene before her with a rapture none but mothers know. Here there was no crying or wailing for food—no quarrellings—no blasphemies; but, the cheerful supper done, the voice of psalms was heard in solemn sounds—the book of God was opened—the father knelt, and his children bent their knees around him. And could an angel gaze upon a more delightful scene than an infant kneeling by the side of its mother, gazing in her face, and lisping Amen! as the words fell from its father's lips! Surely, surely, as he flew to register it in heaven, a prayer-hearing God would respond—So let it be.

Again must we view the opposite picture. The unhappy drunkard, deprived of the means of life in his native town, wandered with his family to Edinburgh. But on him no reformation dawned. And the wretched Margaret, hurried onward by despair, before the smoothness of youth had left the brow of her sister, was overtaken by age, its wrinkles and infirmities. And all the affections, all the feelings of her once gentle nature, being seared by long years of insult, misery, brutality, and neglect, she herself flew to the bottle, and became tenfold more the victim of depravity than her fallen, abandoned husband. She lived to behold her children break the laws of their country, and to be utterly forsaken by her husband; and, in the depth of her misery, she was seen quarrelling with a dog upon the street for a bare bone that had been cast out with the ashes. Of the extent of her sufferings, or where to find her, her sister knew not; but, in the midst of a severe winter, the once beautiful Margaret Johnstone was found a hideous and frozen corpse in a miserable cellar.

'Last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful history'

Upon Helen and her husband, age descended imperceptibly as the calm twilight of a lovely evening, when the stars steal out, and the sunbeams die away, as a holy stillness glides through the air, like the soft breathing of an angel unfolding from his celestial wings the silken curtains of a summer night; and the conscious earth, kissed by the balmy spirit, dreams and smiles, & smiling, dreams itself into the arms of night and of repose. Fourscore winters passed over them. Their heads became white with the 'snow of years.' But they became old together. They half forgot the likeness of the face of their youth; but still the heart of youth, with its imperishable affections and esteem, throbbed in either bosom, smiling calmly upon time and its ravages; and still in the eyes of the happy old man, his silver haired partner seemed as young, as fair and as beautiful, as when, in the noontide of her loveliness, she blushed to him her vows. Their children have risen around them and called them blessed; and they have beheld those children esteemed and honoured in society.

'A fact.

KING GEORGE II. AND HIS PEOPLE.—A play having been ordered by that monarch, by some oversight the King delayed coming, when the audience became very impatient, and at last clamorous. The King arrived amidst the uproar, and instead of being received by clappings, was saluted with hisses, and 'Rule Britannia' was called, instead of 'God save the King,' as is usual on these occasions. The King rose from his seat, and waved his hand, as if he meant to address the audience. A dead silence ensued, every one being desirous to hear what the King would say in broken English. But he was too wise to say any thing, but only significantly looked round at the audience, waving his hand; after which he drew out his watch, shook his head, as if angry at being deceived by it, bowed assent to the audience, and threw away a gold repeater, set round with diamonds, into the pit which was eagerly caught at; and this so satisfied and pleased the audience, that with one voice they cried for 'God save the King!'

A most fatal disease, called Charbon, is said to prevail at present among the horses,

mules, horned cattle, sheep, hogs, and wild deer of Louisiana. It is stated that 'Planters in the very pinch of a crop, have been known, within a week, not to have a horse to put in a plough, though he may have had a dozen—all having died of the fell disease.'

'Tom! I say, Tom!' 'Vell, vat d'ye want?'—'Oh! Nothing, only how far d'ye got if you hadn't stopped?'—'Furder from the brayings of a Donkey.'

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

Communications must be addressed to JAMES MOIR FERRIS, Editor; and if by mail, post paid.

STANDARD AGENTS,

Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill. Elihu Crossett, St. Armand. Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg. Galloway Freiligh, Bedford. Capt. Jacob Ruter, Nelsonville, Dunham. Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville. Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome. P. H. Knowlton, Brome. Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham. Whipple Wells, Farnham. Henry Boright, Sutton. William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge. Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg. Henry Wilson, La Cole. Levi A. Coit, Porton. Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont. Nathan Hale, Troy. Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor. Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George. E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt. Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the Missiskoui Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the Office in Freilighsburg, all payments must be made.

Just Received.

The subscriber has just received at his store in HIGHGATE, an extensive stock of
Teas, Coffee, Spices, Tobacco, Domestic Cottons, &c. &c.
which he offers to his friends by wholesale, low for cash or credit.
W. W. SMITH.
August 9, 1836.

SMITH'S Cheap Store.

New & Splendid Goods.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his friends and the public, that he has just received one of the most extensive, splendid and general assortments of

Goods

ever offered for sale in this section of the country. All of which are of the very first quality and latest fashions. Without particularizing, he solicits most respectfully, a fair examination of his Goods and prices, before purchases are made elsewhere.

Every kind of Farmers' Produce received in payment, for which the highest price will be paid.
W. W. SMITH.
Missiskoui Bay, June 28, 1836. V2 12th.



Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

I hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.
Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V2—7

Notice.

INFORMATION wanted of William Lane, William Lane, Jun., Honor Laus, Mary Lane, or Anne Lane, who emigrated from Trag onay, in the parish of Cuba, Cornwall, to this country, about three years ago, in the barque Janus, from Falmouth to Quebec. The subscriber will feel much obliged to any individual who will be kind enough to send information to the Herald Office, Montreal, respecting any or all of the above individuals.

RICHARD PARSONS.

Editors of Newspapers in the Upper Province and Townships, are requested to insert this.
Montreal, July 11, 1836.

FRANKLIN STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

SMITH, HARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY, AT BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry, in the United States. Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.

BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt.
January 12 1836.

CASH paid for

BUTTER.

W. W. SMITH.

REV. H. N. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at Georgia, Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Druggist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor, where all orders at wholesale or retail, will meet with immediate attention.

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Missiskoui Bay, Beardsley and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

TO THE PUBLIC.

All kinds of Job Printing, executed at this office on the shortest notice. A good supply of School certificates, blank deeds, &c. on hand, and at as low a rate as can be purchased at any other place.
Freilighsburg, February, 1836.

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low prices of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

DANIEL FORD.

Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11—1y.

INFORMATION Wanted of HENRY BRENT, Blacksmith, of Hampshire, England, who sailed from Portsmouth in the ship Hercules, and arrived at Gross Isle about a month ago, where he left his son Wm. Brent, a lad about 14 years of age, who is now at the Emigrant Sheds in Montreal. Any information addressed to J. C. Gundlack, Esq. will be attended to.

TO THE AFFLICTED

DR. M. HATCH'S VEGETABLE PILL CATHOLICON, the only SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY FOR THE

PILES

This medicine has stood the test of 20 years' experience in extensive private practice, and has stood without a rival since its introduction to the public for positively curing this troublesome complaint. Price, 5 shillings.

EWEN'S ANTIBILIOUS AND CATHARTIC PILLS:

an easy and safe family medicine for all bilious complaints; jaundice, flatulence, indigestion, fever and ague, costiveness, headache, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, or any disease arising from a deranged state of the stomach and bowels. Price, whole boxes 2s and 6d, half boxes 1s and 3d.

DR. ASA HOLDRIDGE'S

GREEN PLASTER.

for dressing and curing immediately all kinds of fresh cuts and wounds; which from its strong adhesive qualities supersedes all other kinds of dressings; and if the directions are strictly adhered to, will in no instance require a renewal. It is also advantageously used in cleansing and healing all old sores and foul ulcers. Price, 1s and 3d.

DR. WARNER'S

INFALLIBLE ITCH OINTMENT. Warranted to contain not a particle of mercury or other deleterious drug; and if seasonably applied will require one application only!! Price 1s and 3d.

All the above are supported by abundant and respectable testimony, as may be seen by applying to the following agents, where the medicines may be purchased—

Hapgood, Clarencville; Beardsley & Goodnow, Henryville; Munson & Co. Philipsburg; Dr. Oliver, Newel, and Levi Stevens, Dunham; Cook & Foss, Brome; Hedge & Lyman, and George Bent, Montreal; Joseph E. Barrett, post-rider, Freilighsburg, and many other Druggists and Dealers throughout the Province. Also at the Druggist Store in Freilighsburg.

PRIZE MEDALS.

THE Natural History Society of Montreal offer three Prize Medals for the three best Essays that may be presented on the following subjects:—

1. On the connection between the language and the character of a people.
2. On the physical history of rivers in general, and of the St. Lawrence in particular.
3. On the circumstances which affect climate in general, and the climate of Lower Canada in particular.

4. On the comparative adaptation of prairie and forest to the settlement of a new country.

5. The changes that have taken place in the habits of exotic plants cultivated in the northern parts of America, particularly as regards the changes induced on their agricultural and horticultural properties.

The conditions are:—

- 1st. The Essays shall be presented on or before the 20th of February, 1836.

- 2d. The Essay may be in French or English.

- 3d. The names and residences of the Authors must be concealed: to ensure which, each Essay shall have a motto, and shall be accompanied by a sealed note supercribed with the same motto, and containing the name and residence of the Author. This note shall only be opened in the case of the Essay being declared worthy of a Prize, otherwise it shall be destroyed.

- 4th. The successful Essays shall remain the property of the Society.

- 5th. The Society reserves to itself the right to withhold the Prize, should no one of the Essays on any particular subject appear deserving of it.

The Essays are to be addressed to J. S. M. Cord, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

ANDREW H. ARMOUR, Recording Secretary,

July 30 1836

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short ever variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says:—'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union;' the other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836, says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable "reading matter" than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore, of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

TEE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Penell Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the 500 dollars premiums, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matters, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror being a new edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper, of the same size as the New York White paper, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Paper Philadelphia.

WOODWARD & CLARKE.